HE WAR FOR TIME AND SPACE, By Frederick L. Schuman

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXV No. 26 New York, Saturday, June 27, 1942 Fifteen Cents

TUSCULUM COLLEGE

"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"
By W. Somerset Maugham
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL"
By H. G. Wells
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

"HISTORY AND ITS NEIGHBORS"
By Edward Maslin Hulme
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

"THE EIGHT MILLION"
By Meyer Berger
Reviewed by Leonard Lyons

"ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN"
By Harry W. Flannery
Reviewed by Percival R. Knauth

"MUD ON THE STARS"
By William Bradford Huie
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

"WEST WITH THE NIGHT"
By Beryl Markham
Reviewed by Linton Wells

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ (author of "Geopolitics") has provided an "admirable critique . . . of a new method of playing a grim and anicent game." *(See page 3)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE WILL WIN THE WAR—

We must not lose The Peace!

CONDITIONS OF PEACE

by Edward Hallett Carr

Author of "THE TWENTY YEARS CRISIS," etc.

THIS book shows why we must, and how we can, plan *now* for reorganization of our post war world; why we must and how we shall create a new world based on new principles and a new social philosophy.

It offers no panacea. It makes demands upon us all. From beginning to end it deals with every problem in a highly practical spirit.

It calls on us to have the courage, resolution and foresight to assume our responsibility to form a policy for the post-war world that is both positive and revolutionary. It formulates such a basic program and "tests" it with practical example and careful analysis in each detail. It lays the foundation for enduring peace supported by the same thorough, self-submerging consideration now devoted to the requirements of war.

It is a book that is essential reading not only for every literate American, not only for each adherent of the Allied cause, but for every thoughtful person *everywhere!*

✦

at all bookstores, $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

The War for Time and Space

"The Practitioners of Power Politics at Berlin and Tokyo Have Made Only Three Major Miscalculations: the Chinese Peasant, the British Civilian, the Russian Soldier"

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

"ENGLAND can be attacked from Europe and by land only at one vital point, namely in Egypt. All ideas about the feasibility of an invasion of the British Isles are pure fantasy. The loss of Egypt, however, spells the loss of Britain's whole position in the Near and Middle East, and Central and East Africa."

These words were written not in 1942 by Keitel or Rommel or by a German propagandist commenting on the fall of Tobruk, but in 1902 by Paul Rohrbach, an early exponent of *Geopolitik* who later became one of Ribbentrop's advisers. And the moral of *that,* as the Duchess might have said to Alice, is that some things change and some don't and it is best to know which is which.

In war and diplomacy, as in other games of skill and chance, those who would win need knowledge of the board, the rules, and the stakes plus a correct appreciation of the "psychology" of the opponent. Ignorance of any of these items spells inability to grasp opportunities and to foresee dangers. Under such circumstances, the enemy invariably retains the initiative. His every move is unexpected and therefore usually successful.

During the past decade the practitioners of power politics at Berlin and Tokyo have made only three major miscalculations: the Chinese peasant, the British civilian, the Russian soldier. In all other respects they have played their game for mastery of the planet with amazing adroitness and on the basis of sound assumptions as to what their designated victims would do under specified conditions. They have therefore marched (and are still marching) from victory to victory against enemies whose leaders have played badly or not at all and whose counter-moves have almost invariably been too little and too late.

Belatedly the realization has spread among free peoples that earlier study of "Mein Kampf" and the Tanaka Memorial would have made it possible to foresee and avert a long series of past disasters. Still more belatedly the conviction has grown among the literati of the United Nations (with the politicians, diplomats, and strategists as yet little touched by it) that a careful persusal of the literature of *Geopolitik* might help to prevent present and future defeats. This conviction is well founded. The geopoliticians have profoundly influenced the grand strategy of the Fascist Triplice. They have also formulated an applied science of intercontinental power politics and global war which, for all its façade of mumbo-jumbo, is as of much use to all players of the power game as is Culbertson's system to all bridge-players. Whether those who guide the destinies of the United Nations can or will apply geopolitical precepts in time to win victory over foes who began applying them many years ago is still uncertain. But it is quite certain that without such application the war may yet be lost.

For the uninitiated (meaning almost everybody), the best introduction in English to the Japanazi science of word dominion is unquestionably Robert Strausz-Hupé's trenchant and timely volume, "Geopolitics: The Struggle for Space and Power."* Unlike Nicholas Spykman's "America's Strategy in World Politics," this more recent exposition is less concerned with the relevance of *Geopolitik* to the Western Hemisphere than with its emergence as a cult and a science and with its use by the enemy as a weapon of conquest. Here is an admirable summary of geopolitical thought and an equally admirable critique of the uses, abuses, limitations, and triumphs of a new method of playing a grim and ancient game.

Here, as always, there is little under the sun which is truly "new." In tracing the intellectual history of the movement, Strausz-Hupé shows clear-

**GEOPOLITICS: THE STRUGGLE FOR SPACE AND POWER. By Robert Strausz-Hupé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 274 pp. $2.75.*

—Drawing by Szyk from "The New Order."

Hitlerian Heaven

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly the indebtedness of the Munich School of Haushofer to such early writers as Baron Dietrich Heinrich von Bülow, Friedrich List, Karl Ritter, Friedrich Ratzel, Heinrich von Treitschke, Friedrich Naumann, and other apostles of "natural frontiers" and "living space." The name *"Geopolitik"* was coined by a Pan-Germanic Swede, Rudolf Kjellen. Many of the leading concepts were expounded by a Britisher, Sir Halford Mackinder, who contended as early as 1904 that the future masters of the Central Eurasian "Heartland" would win mastery of the "World Island" of Asia, Europe, and Africa and therewith the possibility of world mastery. Mackinder argued in 1919 that a German-Russian alliance or a German conquest of Russia would bring Britain into mortal peril of her life.

Strausz-Hupé's evaluation of this and of the other major generalizations of *Geopolitik* is a masterly job of critical analysis. With a sure hand he separates the science from the mythology and shows how "the Nazis profited greatly from the international amnesia that had blotted out awareness of the geographic issues of world policy." He argues eloquently for the use of the new discipline by the United Nations. "What makes the pathology of Nazi thinking such a dire threat to the world is the fact that so much keen intelligence has been made to serve such barbaric ends. . . . It should not be assumed, however, that this perverted use necessarily invalidates all geopolitical theories."

Geopolitik has indeed become the inescapable frame of reference for all realistic thought and action in the realm of power politics in an age in which technology has made of all the planet one neighborhood, one marketplace, and one battlefield. For here Machiavelli is perfected and transcended in a science of power relationships among rival sovereignties in an arena which now covers the globe. The presuppositions of this science do not differ in kind, as Strausz-Hupé seems at times to believe, but only in degree from those of the *Machtpolitik* of other periods. Despite the reluctant and intermittent preoccupation of earlier players of the game with the "concert" of power and the "balance" of power, the ultimate goal of power politics for a World Power is universal hegemony and the end of the game. The new Caesars knew nothing of the democratic cult of compromise, appeasement, and illogical moderation.

The geopoliticians, like the proponents of world federation, recognize the possibility and the necessity of a World State to govern the world civilization of our epoch. "This," says Strausz-Hupé, "undoubtedly is the logical final stage in the geopolitical theory of evolution." Its disciples assume that the goal can be reached not by voluntary collaboration but only by force. Since the warlords of Berlin and Tokyo long ago accepted this view, they have adopted *Geopolitik* as a tool for the execution of their own programs of racial imperialism. Democratic leaders have ignored it, for most democratic peoples have preferred the suicide of isolationist "neutrality" or have sought for some scheme of international organization in which force would not be necessary and rights would be divorced from duties and responsibilities. Even today few of the spokesmen for the free peoples are willing to acknowledge that their only alternatives are to abolish international anarchy and organize a World Order or to lose the war or the peace or both to those willing to assume this task. Unlike Spykman, Strausz-Hupé sees beyond the politics of power and perceives, albeit dimly, that the United Nations must not only practice *Geopolitik* in order to win the war but must end the game and unify the world in order to win the peace. But the book stops abruptly without exploring the implications of this proposition.

IN the author's words, "the Nazi war machine is the *instrument* of conquest; *Geopolitik* is the *master plan* designed to tell those who wield the instrument what to conquer and how." Egypt and the Near East are the immediate targets of the moment. If they can be taken, Axis and Japanese forces can join in the Middle East and undertake the final subjugation of China, India, and Russia. In this event the present local advantages of interior lines of communication enjoyed by the foe will become a global advantage. Mastery of the "Heartland" will in fact enable the enemy to use all the resources of the "World Island" for the development of the sea and air power needed to conquer Britain and the Americas—with ample time and space available for the enterprise. "The future struggle for world power and the fate of National Socialism," wrote Haushofer in 1931, "will be decided in America."

If the successful execution of the enemy's blue-print is to be thwarted, the United Nations must not only hold the Near and Middle East but must win time by holding the other strategic spaces they now control. They must reinforce Russia and China. They must divert Hitler westward and Hirohito northward. America and Britain must enable Russia to fight Japan in Asia by fighting Germany in Europe. Yet no invasion of the Continent can be successfully launched this year so long as the project is envisaged in old-fash-

THIS WEEK

Article

PAGE

THE WAR FOR TIME AND SPACE
An Essay Review of "Geopolitics" by Robert Strausz-Hupé
By Frederick L. Schuman 3

Reviews

HISTORY AND ITS NEIGHBORS
By Edward Maslin Hulme
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 5

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN
By W. Somerset Maugham
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 6

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 6

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL
By H. G. Wells
Reviewed by George Dangerfield 7

THE EIGHT MILLION
By Meyer Berger
Reviewed by Leonard Lyons 10

WEST WITH THE NIGHT
By Beryl Markham
Reviewed by Linton Wells 10

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN
By Harry W. Flannery
Reviewed by Percival R. Knauth 12

I HEARD THE ANZACS SINGING
By Margaret L. Macpherson
Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan 12

MUD ON THE STARS
By William Bradford Huie
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 13

LISTEN FOR THE LAUGHTER
By Edward Thompson
Reviewed by John Temple Graves 14

THE CASTLE ON THE HILL
By Elizabeth Goudge
Reviewed by Richard R. Plant 14

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 7
EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 16
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 16
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 431 19
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 19
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 20

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; Anthony Passaretti, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 26, June 27, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ioned terms of strategy and logistics, diluted by political appeasement and diplomatic befuddlement. Finland must be invaded from the north to lift the siege of Leningrad and to secure the Soviet life-line to the Atlantic. Laval's France and Franco's Spain must be invaded from the west through the organization of a people's war for liberty and democratic federation, designed to spread like a revolutionary flame among all the subject peoples and ultimately among the Italians and Germans as well.

For such an enterprise overwhelming numbers of ships and men are less essential than large supplies of political imagination and of burning eagerness to reshape the Great Society. Of these commodities Downing Street and the State Department are chronically short. The musty traditions and vested interests of an antiquated diplomacy still prevail in London and Washington. The diplomats of democracy still prefer the company of discredited kings and exiled politicians to that of the leaders of the People's Revolution. They fear the masses and hope to put Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall. They remain pathetically preoccupied with sovereignity, with "self-determination" (for other people's subject peoples), with alliances, balances, and concerts, with the illusion of "neutral rights," with the imperatives of commercial empires, and with all the other trappings of an obsolete and unworkable international and social order. Not only ignorance of *Geopolitik*, but reluctance to face the racial and social implications of democracy and refusal to undertake the political unification of the world are the obstacles, hitherto insuperable, which block the road to victory. Meanwhile, space shrinks and time flies—to fight for those who know how to use it.

Edward Maslin Hulme

The Environs of History

HISTORY AND ITS NEIGHBORS. By Edward Maslin Hulme. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 194 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

SOME two-thirds of this little book are devoted to a summary of the art and science of historical writing as practised by good professional historians of the generation now in full maturity. It is based not only on the experience of Professor Hulme, who is best known for his general study of the Renaissance and Reformation, but also on notes taken by Professor Hulme in a course on historical method given at Cornell by his old teacher, the late George Lincoln Burr. The last third of the book reviews even more summarily the importance for the historian of twenty-nine neighboring studies. These are a miscellaneous lot, ranging over almost all human intellectual discipline, from astronomy through biology to heraldry and sphragistics. (The latter, if you wish to spare yourself a trip to the dictionary, is the preferred term for the study of seals; the older term, sigillography, offends the learned, as does the term sociology, because it is part Latin and part Greek.)

Not as lively nor as complete and detailed as Professor Allan Nevins's "Gateway to History" of a few years ago, Professor Hulme's book accomplishes a great deal in a small space. It may be heartily recommended to the reader who wants a brief introduction to the standard methods of the guild of professional historians. The problems of documentation, internal and external criticism, interpretation, and comparison are all put clearly and concretely. History's many "neighbors" are perhaps rather listed than described, but their very listing suggests the fearful complexity of the task which confronts the modern historian. For what James Harvey Robinson called the "new history" has now won its way throughout the profession. Professor Hulme adds his voice to the chorus which condemns Seeley's definition of history as past politics. History has become past everything.

But the study of everything has already a perfectly good name, philosophy. It is a name, however, with all sorts of overtones unpleasant to the professional historian. Professor Hulme lists philosophy as a neighbor of history, and does his best to be tolerant of the fact that men have actually attempted to give "a rational account of the origin and make-up of the world." But he quotes without evident dissatisfaction the definition: "Philosophy is at its best and highest in the attempt of someone to tell me what he doesn't know."

Towards another ambitious neighbor of history Professor Hulme shows a distrust not unlike that he feels towards philosophy. This is sociology. It is significant that both philosophy and sociology attempt the broadest sort of generalizations from their materials. They are constantly attempting to find uniformities. The historian, however, is by training attached to the study of the unique, the particular. Here is one of these dilemmas that worry, perhaps unduly, so many of our intellectuals. It is a dilemma as old as the pre-Socratics, and doubtless older, that of the One and the Many, or, if you prefer, that of Being and Becoming.

Now, like the earth's polar regions, both extremes are uninhabitable for human beings. A few bold souls may make dashes to one pole or another, but the most devoted believer in the One has to make a few practical concessions to the differences between spinach and whipped cream, and the most devoted believer in the Many cannot rid himself of the useful habit of expecting the sun to rise tomorrow. Nonetheless, most human beings live mostly in one hemisphere or another, nearer the pole of the One or the pole of the Many. The historian has got to live not too far from the pole of the Many. The One can have no history, though the dweller in the hemishere of the Many can make occasional trips into the other hemisphere, and report what seem to him changes and variations in what its inhabitants make of the One.

In other and perhaps simpler terms, a certain amount of what it is now the fashion to call "historical relativism" is wholly inescapable for the historian. There seem, however, to be periods when the historian is more worried than in others about this relativistic habit of mind of his. One or two generations ago, when with the consolation of such grand terms as Evolution, Progress, Individualism, and the like all sorts of men seemed to be able to live quite comfortably in the hemisphere of the Many, the historian was very little worried about his relativistic habit of mind, and went on his way serenely recording the "facts" of change. That of recent years so many historians should be worried about their methods to the point of publication—and here Professor Hulme's book, however orthodox, is symptomatic—is perhaps another indication of the fact that the nineteenth century is over.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Art of Somerset Maugham

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1942. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

AT his best—and this novel of a county family in war-time England is, except for a few slight infelicities of phrase, Maugham at his best—Somerset Maugham can establish his characters with an economic precision very few of his rivals can approach. These characters are quick, vivid, idiosyncratic, and the shadows which they throw are symbolic of more than these men and women, blundering, heroic, enduring, humorous, and intolerably suffering. Here is a cross-section of England at war, given with understanding, wit, love, and a reserved passion that is the more effective because Mr. Maugham has not often allowed himself to be indignantly passionate.

The Hendersons have lived on their estate in Sussex, Graveny Holt, for some two hundred years. They are not, that is, an old family, and belong to that upper middle-class which has for centuries rescued the older aristocracy from the canker of age-long privilege. The Hendersons are "Army" as well as "county." General Henderson is retired; his eldest son, Roger, on the active list of Military Intelligence, is married to Ian Forster, once in the Grenadiers, now very fat and in the forties; Jim is at Oxford and a member of the Peace Pledge Union and the youngest son, Tommy, is still at school. The whole family is assembled at Graveney Holt for Mrs. Henderson's fifty third birthday on the 31st of August, 1939. Mrs. Henderson is a wonderfully successful portrait of a woman in whom natural wisdom breeds justice and that sense so rare that mankind, desperately hankering after it, has agreed to call it "common." There is one other at the birthday—Dora Friedberg, an Austrian whose father has been killed in a concentration camp in Germany.

Too many novelists, writing about the war, are unable to persuade us of the truth that personal tragedies, personal problems do not cease in war-time, are indeed heightened among people whose lives and traditions are free. Mr. Maugham has no such difficulty. The book opens with May's request to Roger for release from a marriage to which he has brought care, respect, affection but not that overwhelming attention her romantic temperament demands. The news of war stops any idea of divorce. The

W. Somerset Maugham

arrival of war turns Jim's pacificism —dismissed by his family (except his mother) as callow idealism, into a grim, hard reality; with war, Jane has the agony of seeing her Ian, unfit, out of training, worry his way back into the army; the old General has pride and anxiety in Roger and Ian, deep disapproval and bewilderment for Jim who works as a farm-laborer near home.

Exquisitely, Mr. Maugham portrays the private and domestic tragedies in the light of the great public tragedy of the war—the long-drawn out prologue when, after Poland, nothing seems to happen: then the speed and terror of the tramping feet, the thrusting tanks, the diving air-planes, ruthless, unconquerable whether resisted or unresisted, a ghastly maelstrom of effective destruction—never stopped. Only at Dunkirk the men who are machines, the machines who are gods are for a moment baffled: for once they are not fed. The prey escapes: and England, stripped of its equipment, wakes to know herself alone.

Then come the months of the air-raids, of the threatened invasion.

At Graveney Holt the great house is full of refugee children from London, whom Mrs. Henderson, May, and Dora look after. Jane lives on in Westminster, a focus of reckless gaiety and courage for the tired men who fight and work. Jim keeps to his principles. Roger only just escapes from Dunkirk—the story of that flight is one of the best things in the book as, in its simple lines, the characterization of his Cockney companion is one of the best portraits. The final tragedy in the lives of these people is provided by Dora; no doubt Mr. Maugham will be accused of melodrama—there are critics who detest the catastrophical, the accidental in fiction. I don't agree with them. There are traitors and liars in the world; and such people as the Hendersons (remember their kind "appeased" the enemy) are taken in by them. There is nothing incredible in the deaths of Dora and Jim—and the violence of that episode mirrors the gigantic violence that causes it, and Jim's idealism is at once justified and annulled by Dora's death.

The story stops—there can be no end yet—in the spring of last year; perhaps Mr. Maugham will give us one day his story of the dawn which is even now breaking.

Nordhoff-Hall Craftsmanship

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 122 *pp.* $1.50.

THE famous authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have passed a neat, small miracle. In a little over a hundred pages, in small format and good large type, they have told a tale of escape, patriotism, French Guiana, Vichy, Free France, everything tight and right and thrilling. This is old craftsmanship at work, spinning a yarn of the most contemporary flavor, making it fast and moving, and bringing it up short. The heroes are a group of prisoners escaped from the penal colony at Guiana, tough and brutal customers who feel nevertheless a dull and compelling aching over the fate of France. They are picked up by a loyal Vichy freighter at the climactic moment when France split under the Nazi hammer and the de Gaulle element was making its first bid for rebellion. The conflict at sea, between the Vichy officers and the prisoners with their strange, nourished patriotism, is worked in beautifully, with incredible economy, due largely to the stripping away of all prose inessentials. All is movement, and when words are spoken they are only the necessary ones, the seeds of action. The thing is told in flashback; we meet these men in the French air squadron in London, taking off for Germany, and work backward for the story. You don't have to be told that Nordhoff and Hall make good reading, but the point here is that they have done so much in so little space. The story was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly.*

N. L. R.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. G. Wells Creates A Tewler

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. By H. G. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT would be maintained, with some justice, that we have entered once more upon a period of pamphleteering, and that "You Can't Be Too Careful"—which is certainly as much a pamphlet as a novel—is merely part of a trend. Mr. Wells, however, has never entirely distinguished between the creation of characters and the dissemination of facts. Indeed, with one or two exceptions, such as Mr. Polly, he has been inclined to disseminate characters and to create facts: the life of his novels has depended more upon what he thought about his creatures than upon what they were themselves. They existed simply to prove that Mr. Wells was right; and since Mr. Wells is often wrong, their status in the world of literature has been interesting but doubtful.

None the less, Mr. Wells is among the most considerable writers of our time, largely because of his voracity and his energy. He does not so much observe as devour life, and the force with which he sets down his impressions is often more important than the impressions themselves. There is nobody quite like him. We should all be angrier than we are, and when we find a coherently angry man (such as Mr. Wells is in "You Can't Be Too Careful") we should be very grateful to him, even though we dislike his statements and disagree with his conclusions.

"You Can't Be Too Careful" is a brief and deliberately grimy account of the life of a dreary human called Edward Albert Tewler. Edward Albert is a lower-middle-class Englishman whom Mr. Wells—in order to deprive him of all pity—has provided with an independent income. Tewler's accent, his vocabulary, his schooling, his sordid love life, his thoughts, his resistence to ideas—they are all faithfully recorded. We know *how* Tewler lived, but *why* he lived we do not know, because Mr. Wells—more interested in characteristics than in character—has neglected to furnish him with a soul.

There is a reason for this, however. The reader will have discovered, before he is half way through the book, that the people in it, like figures in a morality play, are merely types; in this case, types (or perhaps victims) of superstition and bigotry. He will realize that Mr. Wells has a card up his sleeve, and at the end of the book the card is revealed. It is a concluding essay on the appalling state of man. Towards this essay Mr. Wells has been hastening, with gusto but with evident impatience. His novel about Edward Albert Tewler is nothing more than a somewhat extensive prologue.

In his essay, Mr. Wells sets out to prove that Tewler is a pervasive character. We are all Tewlers, he says; and he proceeds, in the most vigorous way, to smite out at every exercise of the imagination or the fantasy or the faith or the reason of man. The performer is having such a good time, is working himself up into such a splendid rage, that we can easily forgive him. Besides, Tewler deserves a beating. But Tewler is only a few out of many factors; he is a part and not a whole; he is something in us but he is not all of us. In order to make Tewler synonymous with mankind, Mr. Wells has erased all of the subtleties and most of the meanings of history.

But the honesty and the anger of this book will make themselves felt; they will make us think, if only because we will want to refute the author. And Mr. Wells is not an author to take lightly. He has left upon his time what very few writers leave—and that is, an impression. It is the impression of a fist. A hundred years from now it may well seem ludicrous and it will probably have grown faint: but I think it will still be there.

—*Georges Schreiber*

H. G. Wells

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

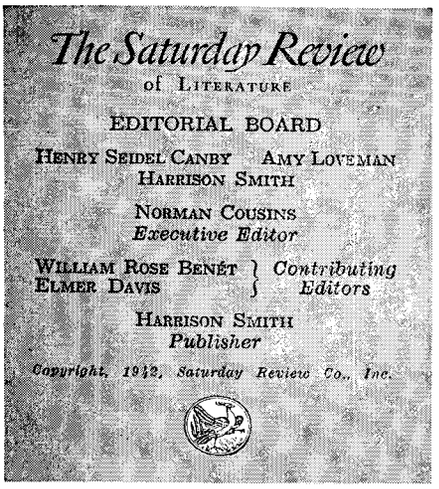
FAMOUS "SHIP" QUOTATIONS

Mrs. Mary Atwater Taylor, of New York City, is the contributor of this week's quiz. Can you match up these well-known quotations about ships with their proper source? Five correct is par, 7 is very good, and 9 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
   And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
2. Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing. . . . .
3. As idle as a painted ship
   Upon a painted ocean.
4. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.
5. I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
   And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
6. A capital ship for an ocean trip
   Was the Walloping Window-blind.
   No gale that blew dismayed her crew
   Or troubled the captain's mind.
7. Ships are but boards, sailors but men.
8. "The time has come," the Walrus said,
   "To talk of many things,
   Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
   Of cabbages, and kings."
9. We sail the ocean blue,
   And our saucy ship's a beauty;
   We're sober men and true,
   And attentive to our duty.
10. He was the mildest manner'd man
    That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

( ) The Bible
( ) Lord Byron
( ) Lewis Carroll
( ) Charles Edward Carryl
( ) Samuel Taylor Coleridge
( ) William Schwenck Gilbert
( ) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
( ) Christopher Marlowe
( ) John Masefield
( ) William Shakespeare

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



OF WORDS AND THE TRUTH

OF late we took part in a panel discussion entitled "Books Are Weapons in The War of Ideas." The chairman was an eminent literary critic who persists in regarding himself (quite falsely) as a "hack," and who also conducts an extremely popular quiz-session on the radio. The important speakers were a well-known radio commentator on naval affairs, the author of "Victory through Air Power," a famous sports writer who is also a man of extraordinary memory, the editor of *The Infantry Journal* (who proved to be a most convinced believer in books, and who is also a Lieutenant Colonel), a well-known English writer who created among other things "The Flying Yorkshireman," and a stout fellow who writes excellent detective stories. Of course the discussion wandered all over the lot. But in the beginning the Chairman tried to draw, unsuccessfully we thought, a distinction between books and words. An account of the whole discussion is now bound and printed in pamphlet form, so that we can refresh our memory as to exactly what he said. He seemed to think that words in general might be weapons in the war of ideas, over the radio, in the newspapers, on the street, but that words in books probably were poor weapons. In other words (thank you!) when words were marshalled together in their best and most enduring manner of presentation they were actually of less value than the words of hasty journalism or the words, presumably, bandied from bar-stool to bar-stool. They were less vital. Writers were conceited specialists who had far too high an opinion of their own worth.

The Chairman said bluntly, "I am not an author, I am a book reviewer." The present writer has been a book reviewer himself. Perhaps in that fact lay the increasing animosity toward writers which developed in the Chairman during the course of an exhilarating evening. Possibly it was merely the Chairman's conception of his proper role on this occasion as instigator of a hot argument.

Considering the beating that book-reviewers frequently have to take, no one can blame them for occasionally hating authors! But the Chairman went farther than that:

> I happen to believe, personally, that words are not going to win this war. I have used too many of them too cheaply myself to have any too great respect for them. The only thing that will win the war—and this is not a military secret—is the killing of large numbers of Germans and Japanese. [Applause]
>
> My own impression is that the people who do the actual killing are going to win the war for us on the main front. Nor do I think—and here I take issue with many of my colleagues who are of a more idealistic bent than I am—that telling the truth is going to win the war at all.

Let us examine these statements one at a time.

One thing we are fighting in this war, as every one knows, is the enormous flood of propaganda loosed by the Axis powers, some of which has been extremely effective. Certainly they have used words cheaply and have also cheapened words incredibly. They managed to create our Isolationists. They have operated upon the simple principle put forth in "Mein Kampf" that a lie is a dynamic thing and that the bigger the lies and the more often they are told and rammed and crammed into the bemused brains of the proletariat, the more they will come to be believed. And it has all worked amazingly well—up to a point.

The point is that human beings can be fed upon lies just so long and then they want the truth. "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." We have started a campaign of truth-telling as opposed to the torrent of lies cascading from the sewer-mouths of the Axis, *and it is extremely important that this campaign should be fought through to a finish!* It seems to the present writer that telling the truth will help vastly in winning the war. We know that words—not lies alone—are dynamic. Is Truth less dynamic then, than the provenly dynamic Lie?

If Truth is less dynamic—burn your books, close your minds, grasp each his lethal weapon and go forth to kill! The world will then turn into a slaughter-pen where men murder each other for no reason other than mere bloodlust. And I hope the Chairman will have his mind a blank to education and culture by that time, and have donned the horned helmet of the barbaric older gods!

Another astonishing attitude of the Chairman was that he seemed to think the general public had no access to books—in a day when never were good books cheaper in price or more easily come by through free libraries, with reprints at an astonishingly low rate, and many other sources available. In the last quarter of a century, indeed, the general interest in books in the United States, and the growth of public taste in America, has grown by leaps and bounds. Moreover, surely the Chairman must know that the size of a book's audience is only one aspect of its potential influence. He should be able to make an impressive list of those books which have changed the course of history or come pretty close to it without being on the best-seller lists.

We may interject that there is nothing personal in our analysis of the Chairman's attitude. We are simply examining an aberration, one that frequently afflicts a certain type of intellectual when confronted with particularly horrible reality and the necescity to meet force with force. It is a strange desire to turn upon one's own deepest beliefs and interests, and rend them, simply because they are not *action*. But the truth is that they *are* action, and action of the most potent kind. To take merely one simple piece of writing, the "Gettysburg Address" was action. There is no counting how many hearts and minds it has moved to greater efforts for the good of mankind. The Sermon on the Mount, called by the Nazis the first Bolshevist propaganda, proved so energizing that it plunged the Europe of the Dark Ages into countless religious wars, to defend Christian truth and to attack its perverters. As for male writers justifying their "continuance of work in their own field rather than active service in the armed forces," for one thing, that matter is taken out of their hands by the draft.

We repeat what was our own contribution to the meeting, the words of Conventry Patmore: "The truth is mighty and shall prevail, when none cares whether it prevail or not." But the truth is that war itself is hideous, that most of us know it now, that we are armed and fighting because we deeply wished and still deeply wish for peace. But we wish no Peace of the Barbarian, no Peace of Nazi Tyranny. A crazy man has revived in Europe what Rudyard Kipling well described in the last War:

> Once more we hear the word
> That sickened earth of old:—
> "No law except the Sword
> Unsheathed and uncontrolled."

Against that doctrine we will fight to the uttermost, with all of our armament, and with all the armament of our words!

W. R. B.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What, No Gunsels!

SIR:—In "The Criminal Record" in your June 6 issue, "Anything for a Quiet Life" is summed up as a "top-notch game of perilous hide and seek involving cops, gunsels, colorful ladies, and hero who doesn't mind taking punishment." On the whole, this is a fair enough summing up, and the author and his absorbent hero, Leo Donovan, are by no means displeased with it. But they don't want any reader to pay his admission under the impression that he is going to get gunsels. Take warning that the "gunsels" in the review are ringers from somebody else's game.

Gunsels? Perhaps the misunderstanding originated when "The Maltese Falcon" was published, without a glossary. There is an extremely young gunman in that book who is called a *gunsel, and doubtless some readers* assumed that a gunsel is a gunman who has not yet been wiped behind the ears. Dame and damsel; gunman and gunsel. Undoubtedly the word sounds like a mighty nice, neat diminutive. Perhaps when the book was made into a movie it should have been renamed "The Damsel and the Gunsel." That sounds like an appealing boxoffice title, doesn't it? But just try to take it through the Hays office. No gunsels allowed there—not under that label, anyhow. At least not if the Hays boys put every word under a fleursdumaloscope, as we suppose they do.

There are gunmen in "Anything for a Quiet Life," but it just happens that there are no gunsels. Or, to put it another way, there are torpedoes (or triggermen) (or troops), but there are no mustard pots.

A. A. AVERY (author)
LEO DONOVAN (hero)

New York.

Too Many Spies

SIR:—Could our favorite "whodunit" authors be persuaded to leave international intrigue to the F.B.I. and go back to their usual style of detective writing?

Thousands of us are reading the fine authentic books now being published and are let down considerably when we turn to a mystery and find it more of the same only not quite so good. Enough is enough, you know, and too much is plenty.

ELLA E. DAUB.

Pittsburgh.

P.S. I am a librarian and am tired saying "yes, it's a spy story," or "no, I liked it, it's the usual 'whodunit'."

Four-Year Job

SIR:—In your article on the "Britannica" [*SRL,* May 2nd, 1942] I note that —"Only one living person claims to have . . . read the 'Britannica' from cover to cover . . . A. Urban Shirk . . . It took him four and a half years."

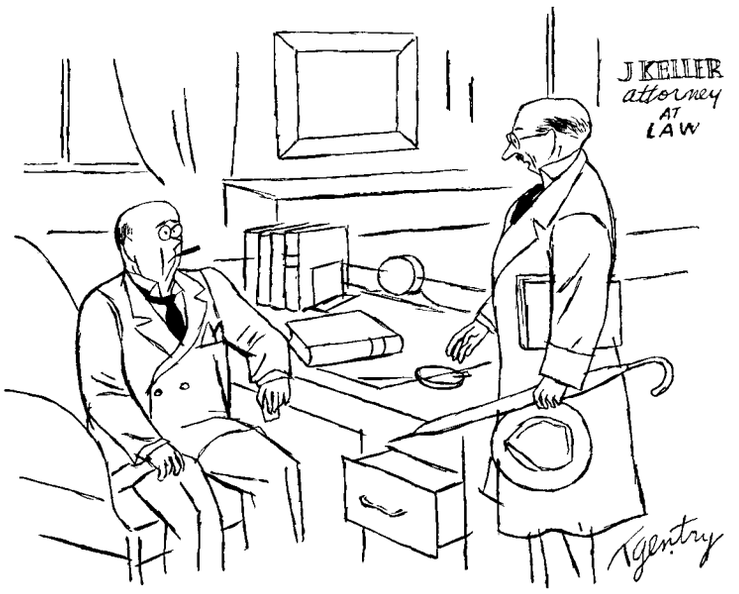
Possibly you may care to know that I did the job in about four years.

Getting one of the so-called "prepublication sets" of the 14th Edition of the Britannica, receiving it about the time advertisements appeared in the magazines, after reading a few articles, I decided to begin at the first page and read straight through the set—and I did it.

Before getting very far into the "A's," I noted two typographical errors and one factual; wrote of my findings and intentions, received a reply from Franklin H. Hooper, American Editor, saying that he would be glad to have me report anything which I thought wrong. Thereafter I used to write him about once a month, and we sometimes discussed subjects other than errors.

A. G. MILLER.

Kalmia, N. C.



"I'd like to break off with the Book-of-the-Month Club without causing any hard feelings."

Sentiment Conquers Meter

SIR:—

For many moons I felt a lack
In you, beloved *SRL*—
I missed the Phoenix Bird like—
Well,
Three cheers! Three Cheers! *The Nest is back!*

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Southwest Issue

SIR:—Please accept our heartiest congratulations on your Southwestern number. It was a fine job and is deeply appreciated by the people of this region.

JOHN MCCARTY.

Globe-News,
Amarillo, Texas

Collect or Prepaid?

SIR:—*SRL's* "It Ends with Zyzzogeton" relates an anecdote about the cable that "Stanley" sent the G. & C. Merriam Company in 1898. The *SRL* for January 2, 1937, deals with the same anecdote in "Noah's Ark."

There are certain differences, however, in the stories. The latest story is that the cable came collect; "Noah's Ark" says the cable was prepaid. "Noah's Ark" says that the latest dictionary furnished the clue, but "It Ends with Zyzzogeton," says that the edition of 1864 furnished the clue.

I wonder if your readers know if the story is true (which "Noah's Ark" claims it to be), and what the correct version is.

C. H. SANDERCOCK.

Scranton, Pa.

Translations and Precision

SIR:—In F. C. Weiskopf's review on p. 6, June 13, there appears one of those curious errors in which the original language shines clearly through the translation. . . . "the author tells about the splendid experience with guests who did not know that there was no meat in the broth and *meant to eat a real bouillon.*" Surely the German thought was: "meinten . . . zu essen," or "zu essen meinten," which means: "thought they were eating." It reminds me of a similar error in a hurried translation of "All Quiet on the Western Front" appearing serially in a newspaper. The hero, home on furlough, saw a girl in the distance and thought: "That will be my sister." The original was: "Das wird meine Schwester sein," *i.e.,* "That is probably my sister."

G. R. VOWLES.

Davidson, N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Covering A Miracle

THE EIGHT MILLION, Journal of a New York Correspondent. By Meyer Berger. Illustrated by Henry Berger. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD LYONS

IN that vagrant kingdom where the Scotch is low, where reporters fancy themselves as publisher-rulers and begin to enumerate the Perfect Newspaper Staff they'd hire, the name of Meyer Berger comes up often.

That isn't the kind of story-lead which newspaperman Berger would approve. That isn't the way he learned it—first in the hallowed city room of the old *World,* which the author treats so reverently in his excellent opening chapter, "I Cover the Water Front," and then in his more recognized assignments for the *New York Times.* But a columnist does it differently. And I like to start with a story. So, story:

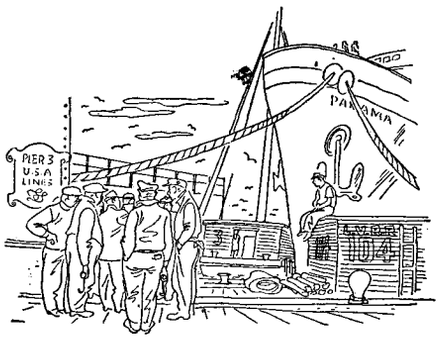
During the World Series games of last fall, Berger wrote a satire called "Casey in the Box—1941." It appeared later in the Congressional Record, where it was introduced by Rep. John D. Delaney of Brooklyn, under the heading, "Extension of Remarks." The proud reporter sent the clipping to Mr. Sulzberger. The *Times's* publisher sent a reply-memo: "It lifts the literary qualities of the Congressional Record. But that isn't saying much."

But even the unimpressible Mr. Sulzberger will admit that in "The Eight Million," Meyer Berger has said much that is good, much that is entertaining, and much that makes for recommended reading.

In a little less than 50 narratives and essays, the author gives account of his wanderings through the city—from the diamond marts to the river front, the Reefer Man to the Lonely Hearts. And when he lifts them from the shadows of the town, gently, with fingertips calloused from pounding out the stories of New York, his bargefolk and chiselers, wiretappers and forgotten heroes, emerge as wonderful, bizarre bit-players in the great show that is Big City life.

He pays no heed to its Stars. He skipped the Stork Club and the chorus-call at Billy Rose's, the songwriters and the dimming lights before the curtain rises at a Broadway premiere. But what the hell. That isn't his beat. And we, who concern ourselves with these and who scour the glamour joints of Manhattan in search of copy, are glad to confess that Berger's pastures, too, are green.

Crime, of course, is the subject dearest to Berger's note-book. That's why his longest chapters are devoted to the



—Drawing by Henry Berger

West Side

history of the Tombs, the West 47th St. jail, the balance-sheet of Murder, Inc., and a thesis delivered by a murderer's wife. In that connection it should be recorded that only once has a New York criminal objected to something Berger wrote. The complainant was the late Dutch Schultz.

Schultz once reproached him for having referred to the Dutchman's predilection for "blonde dames." Mr. Schultz was not denying the accuracy of Berger's story. He merely expressed surprise that the conservative *New York Times* would permit "Blonde Dames" to be mentioned anywhere in its staid and carefully-edited news columns.

Berger illustrates how careful are the staff-members of his newspapers, in his chapter, "End of the World." It is an account of the Prophet of Doom who was predicting that the world would come to an end, precisely at 6 A.M., March 7, 1927. On the day before this interesting event was scheduled to transpire, Berger wrote the advance story of the Prophet's disappointment, to be published the next morning. Then, as do all newspapers in a case where either one of two possible results may eventualize, Berger prepared an alternate lead—just in case. It read: "Patchogue, L. I., March 7—The World ended at 6 A.M. today."

* * * * *

When, after the popularity of his columns about the New York World's Fair, Meyer Berger was assigned to writing a daily column about Manhattan, a number of subscribers wrote to the editor and asked: "Who is Meyer Berger?" The form-reply was: "Meyer Berger is a reporter for the *New York Times.*"

If he ever should revive that column, and again elicit inquiries about his identity, the editors should, in all truth, add: "and also the author of a swell book about New York, called 'The Eight Million'."

African Autobiography

WEST WITH THE NIGHT. By Beryl Markham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 291 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

BERYL MARKHAM, the noted English aviatrix, was four years old when her sportsman-father took her to British East Africa. She grew up in Kenya Colony and there learned to love and understand the bush natives, whose language she spoke. As a child, she survived an attack by a lion and was taught to hunt wild animals with a spear. Later on, she bred and trained race horses for a living, then learned to fly. After becoming the Lady from the Skies, she pioneered the uncharted skyways over trackless Africa by day and night, flew into the wilds on errands of mercy, sold her aerial services to big game hunters, and joyrode around just for the hell of it. In 1936, she became the first woman to fly the Atlantic from east to west, even though her plane did come to grief in a swamp on Cape Breton Island.

"West with the Night" is a completely fascinating, highlighted but revelatory, autobiography up to and including her trans-Atlantic flight. Since then she has withdrawn from the public eye—probably because, as she seems to imply, Tom Black, an English aviator who taught her to fly and with whom she apparently was in love, was killed the day she landed in New York. Her story leaves the reader rather high and dry and yearning for more.

As Beryl Markham so truly says, "There are as many Africas as there are books about Africa . . . (because) . . . it is all things to all authors." But the Africa she depicts is one which few people have been privileged to know, or been able to portray, if they have been fortunate enough to have lived there as long and as happily as she did. Perhaps that is because the long-time residents have not possessed her keen sense of humor, appreciation of values, adaptability, and courage.

But Beryl Markham does more than tell of Africa. With admirable modesty, she offers us a thrilling as well as an appealing saga of a very valiant and very human woman, philosophically pitting her skill, bolstered by limitless faith in herself, against relentless Nature in all her multifarious disguises, in the dank jungles, the desert wastes, and the boundless skies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAUL REVERE & THE WORLD HE LIVED IN

A portrait in the great American tradition by *ESTHER FORBES*

The story of a very typical American — a patriot and a silversmith who sturdily adhered to the side of liberty throughout his long life. Around him arises his whole teeming world of adventure — the young, expanding, boundless and dauntless American nation. His biography is the epitome of the American heritage. This book is history, but it is written as only a great novelist can write it.

195,000 printed. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.
$3.75

"*A book that makes you think human beings can do anything.*" — John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times.

West with the Night

BY BERYL MARKHAM

"She writes with ecstasy when she writes of her Africa." — *Lewis Gannett, New York Herald Tribune*

$3.00

"*Shapely and delicate.*" — Clifton Fadiman, New Yorker

The Copper Pot

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

The story of the education of an artist in the New Orleans of today. "Here is the process of painting dissected and rearticulated for us and set living and breathing before our eyes." — *New York Herald Tribune*

$2.50

If Hitler had read this book in 1940 he would never have risked battle with Russia.

Behind the Urals

BY JOHN SCOTT

An American who was a cog in the great Russian production machine estimates Russian strength both of spirit and of material.

$2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Add Berlin Diaries

ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN. By Harry W. Flannery. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 439 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

MR. FLANNERY'S account of his "Assignment in Berlin," adds another to the list of foreign correspondent's reports, with a freshness of interest deriving from the fact that, unlike most of his author-colleagues, he had had no previous experience in Europe, but went to the German capital straight from St. Louis, Mo.

This reviewer knew Mr. Flannery personally in Berlin, whither he came to succeed Mr. William L. Shirer as the Columbia Broadcasting System's "voice" from the Nazi capital. In his book Mr. Flannery has continued his role of successor, furnishing a sequel to "Berlin Diary," which ended at the time Mr. Flannery took over. The reader will find a continuation of the more intimate history of the war as viewed from the German side. The period covered is a particularly interesting one, being the time after the great Nazi victories and the beginning of the Third Reich's first real wartime difficulties. Mr. Flannery was in Berlin when the Nazis invaded the Balkans; he was in Greece shortly after the conquest of that country; he was the only foreign correspondent to be taken to Crete after the unprecedented German capture of that island from the air. His return trip was made by automobile, along the route of the Wehrmacht's advance, through Greece, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. This journey struck the reviewer as the reportorial highlight of the book. Mr. Flannery saw on it the first tragic effects of the terribly swift Nazi blow, and sensed the gathering darkness which then was beginning to fall over those nations.

In Berlin, in the first dull and difficult months of his assignment in the Winter of 1940-41, the author was subjected to the full force of Nazi "persuasion," the kind that is exercised on newspapermen who are fresh to the country and therefore, in the mind of the Propaganda Ministry, more receptive to the "positive" features of the National-Socialist way. He was wined and dined and given good stories—a trip to the Channel coast and France, interviews with German airmen, a vacation in the Winter paradise of Berchtesgaden and other special privileges which newsmen better versed in the ways of Berlin had long since come to accept as bribes. It is to Mr. Flannery's credit that, fresh from America though he was, he saw through the plan and kept his head (which not all newcomers did).

But perhaps the most illuminating feature of this book is the picture it presents, of the feelings experienced by an average American suddenly thrown from a peaceful existence in the American Mid-West into the maelstrom of Nazi Germany. Many of Mr. Flannery's colleagues may find their own initial experiences in Berlin duplicated in this story; to them it brings memories of a time which now seems far away and almost unreal. To Americans, the book furnishes not only a repertorially excellent sequel to Shirer's "Berlin Diary," but something which they may heretofore have unconsciously missed—an account of how they, the readers, might have felt had they suddenly been given an "Assignment to Berlin."

Harry W. Flannery

Margaret L. Macpherson

Down-Under Album

I HEARD THE ANZACS SINGING. By Margaret L. Macpherson. New York: Creative Age Press. 1942. 354 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MISS MACPHERSON says she wanted "to write a light book, a happy book, a merry one." Well, she has. Truly it is "no more than a snap-shot album." But it is good fun to look through it, even if not every prospect pleases.

About half the book is devoted to Australia and half to New Zealand, the latter being the better portion. No one interested in politics, or economics, or international relations will find it very profitable, though some useful information filters through the singing. In fact, no one interested in a systematic, critical discussion of any subject need worry about it, unless he'd like to footnote his heavy, gloomy, and cheerless reading. But those who like clever chatter about this, that, and the other will find it decidedly to their taste.

The labor movements of both Australia and New Zealand come off very well, for Miss Macpherson is an enthusiastic humanitarian. I like her for that. I like her, too, for speaking up for the Maoris of New Zealand. But I can't say that labor problems are very clearly outlined here, either nationally or internationally, and there are soldier discussions of the Maoris. Such matters don't lend themselves to "bright" writing, alas, nor do they fit well into a "happy" book, least of all one planned to be "happy."

This reviewer is very much on Miss Macpherson's mind. She contradicts him by name no less than three times. Woman-like she just contradicts, offering no counter-evidence. On living standards, where my views annoy, I'd suggest that she study the ILO statistics. On the Australian accent, I'll have to recontradict her. It simply isn't Cockney, as non-Australian speech specialists have clearly demonstrated. But in the case of Norman Lindsay, I shall merely marvel at her standards. To support Norman against my deadly remarks (made off and on for fifteen years) she draws in an American witness. "That competent American painter," she writes bravely. "That competent American painter, *James Montgomery Flagg. . . .*"!! Oh lady, lady!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Huie . . .

MUD ON THE STARS. By William Bradford Huie. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 341 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is a first-class piece of work, one of those sprawling and vigorous books that encompass many things, at once a novel, a sectional history, and an apologia *pro vita sua*. That it is a first novel is of no significance. Huie has been a writer for years, on newspapers and magazines, and he moves into the novel with an assurance that is anything but experimental. The significance of the book is that Huie is a writer who has not separated from his people, from the South. Does that sound less than earth-shaking? Expanded, it comes to this: We have had a lot of Southern writing in the past twenty-five years, some of the best and most talented writing in America. There are heights in Wolfe and Faulkner that Huie will never reach. It happens that that kind of artistry lifts a man out of his land and people. He becomes an angel looking homeward, with nostalgia, with pain, with passion. But suppose a man is rooted in the land and habits of his people and likes it that way? Suppose he never loses the common touch, and feels always right inside of him every thought, reaction, prejudice, lust, spite, —yes, and tradition and aspiration that make him brother with every man in his own town? Writers are mavericks. Suppose one of the crowd, one of the extroverts, writes about the South for a change?

Huie has done it that way. His central figure, Peter Lafavor, is probably autobiographical to a considerable degree. Lafavor, about to leave on a troopship, looks backward upon his remembered America, chiefly Tennessee and Alabama, from 1929 to 1942. It isn't a pretty picture, nor is it a reformer's picture pointed up with criticism. It is a true, clear, unblushing cross-section of part of the American mind, the truest and clearest I have ever seen. Lafavor was brought up like everybody else, with his sectional prejudices and hates and fears. He remembers the Civil War, but don't forget that he remembers Bunker Hill too. He harks back to that for his definition of independence, and T. V. A. means an abridgement of it. Lafavor knows the Scottsboro boys were guilty, and his only concession is that equally guilty white boys would have gotten off. But he does know of real injustices. Read the story here of Roosevelt Wilson, a little Negro railroaded to the chair on a perjured rape charge, which follows the discussion of the

A Message of Confidence

The war has brought many changes to the Bell System. The nation needed telephone facilities in new places. It needed more facilities in the usual places. It needed all facilities in a hurry.

Shortages of essential materials brought new problems and new achievements in research and in manufacturing. Telephone calls increased about ten million a day.

Yet all this has been done without great change in your telephone service. Millions of subscribers have felt no difference. The record as a whole has been good. That is the way it should be and the Bell System aims to keep it that way.

But when war needs delay your call, when you can't get just the service or equipment you need, let's put the blame right where it belongs — on the war.

Bell Telephone System

Service to the Nation in Peace and War

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Fabian Bachrach*

William Bradford Huie

Scottsboro affair. They complement each other and give a fresh angle to the whole subject. Huie must have been a fine reporter.

Every kind of pertinent detail is here, about college life in Birmingham, strikes and unions and labor war in the mines, anti-Roosevelt sniping, communist agitation, incipient fascism, and incipient democracy. For there is that too, with men like Lafavor heading from one to the other, not because they are humanitarians or New Dealers or idealists, but because they have old remembered roots in an American tradition of individualism, and individualism must seek democracy to survive. This novel is the struggle of Peter Lafavor toward that hard truth, scraping the mud off the stars to find it. If we're ever going to understand the South, if we want to, we'll have to get our facts from men like Huie.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE DARK KINGDOM
a new book of poems by
KENNETH PATCHEN
America's
most talked-about poet
$2.25
HARRISS & GIVENS
49 E. 82nd St. New York City

Thompson . . .

LISTEN FOR THE LAUGHTER. By Edward Thompson. Macrae - Smith Company. 1942. 328 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

IF Mr. Thompson had a real story to tell and real people to write about, he might do it well for he has the manners of literature, and imagination too. But not once in this first novel is he able to make you believe in anything or anybody he pictures. You have the effect of a by-no-means unskilled artisan exercising on dummies. The narrative never clicks, the characters never come alive. A combination of ability in the author and vacuity in the story accounts perhaps for passages which seem to have a department of the *Readers' Digest* more in mind than the momentum of a genuine something to say. For example: "A distant roll of thunder, rising and tumbling away like logs rolling in a marble corridor, penetrated into the sensitive, volatile light and shadow of the parlor as day whisked away the hem of its underskirt and left night with its face exposed at the window."

The love of a roving and rascally but sensitive father for his daughter is the theme. Jonathan Slocum, as the author means him to be portrayed, leads what is a picaresque life in the early part of this century around New Orleans and Memphis. (The South could do with a truly picaresque novel about itself after its long diet of social and economic problem stuff to the point of something pathological, but this is not the one). He leaves the drug store business to tour the countryside selling a quack cure-all. When his daughter Roxana is old enough, he takes her with him. His health fails and he retires with her to live in New Orleans where he is enticed into the rum-running business (it is in prohibition days). Roxana is said to be the love of his life, just as was her mother who died at her birth. She marries a young assistant rum-runner who is said to be very tough but very tender. An old love (not of Jonathan's life but of a part) returns after twenty years, a baby girl is born to Roxana, and the story ends with a title-justifying but up-to-now missing suggestion that there is "eternal laughter in the hearts of men. Listen for it! You shall hear it!"

Sinclair Lewis, Minnesota-born author, and Robert Penn Warren, until recently editor of *The Southern Review*, have been added to the faculty of the University of Minnesota's department of English for the coming college year, according to Joseph Warren Beach, department head.

Elizabeth Goudge

Goudge . . .

THE CASTLE ON THE HILL. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward McCann. 1942. 346 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

IT is not too thankful a job to judge by its literary merits a book that overflows with good intentions, stands for a cause dear to all our hearts, but falls short of its aims. Elizabeth Goudge presents English people during the dark hours of air invasion, she presents sympathetic people who fight for their way of life and that of the Island, and she makes us like right from the start the spinsterish Miss Brown, a perfect understatement of a heroine. Even more: the characters that go to make the story around Miss Brown ring true, are well individualized and, with the exception of the romantic violinist Mr. Isaacson, have everything necessary for characters in an excellent novel.

But "The Castle on the Hill" is not the excellent novel it could have been.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANT TO THE GREEKS
By W. R. AGARD
It was not enough to have invented a new form of state. The Greeks found that they had to fight to preserve their way of life. A thoughtful study with amazing modern parallels. $2.50
The University of North Carolina Press

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is too much ideological talk of the sort in which the figures seem to address each other but in which really the author lectures the reader; one somehow feels that Miss Goudge is so eager to explain the impact of this war on the British people that she says many things directly rather than through the story. Also, one cannot avoid the impression of a certain haste, both in story development and in style.

Mr. Isaacson, the romantic violinist with his melancholy inherited from centuries of suffering, finds too pat a solution for his problems; the other characters at the end of the story also seem to run towards the solution thought out for them by the author; and since an author unfortunately sets his own standards, Miss Goudge's prose is not as immaculately polished as it was in previous books.

Only in the chapter describing the fight and death of the R.A.F. pilot does Miss Goudge show her strength, in the lyrical and clear rhythm of a prose of which each word seems to be chosen with infinite care. This chapter stands almost by itself and could, with little trouble, I suppose, be transformed into an excellent short story.

The figures, however, that one will remember out of the novel are Moppet and Poppet. A pair of London Cockney children as vital, noisy, and endearing as ever appeared in a novel, crying desperately over a teddybear's misfortunes, and behaving admirably, not to say in the grand tradition, when the Blitz comes and with it the destruction of the little world they knew. One wishes that the whole book were written around Moppet and Poppet—quite different personalities, by the way, despite the deceiving similarity of their names—or that Miss Goudge would make us the gift of a book of stories of Moppets and Poppets and how they played Peter Rabbit in the ruins of the cities of England.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

4. The Bible. Psalms 107, 23-24.
10. Byron: Don Juan.
8. Lewis Carroll: Through the Looking Glass.
6. Charles Edward Carryl: Davy and the Goblin.
3. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner.
9. W. S. Gilbert: Pinafore.
2. Longfellow: Elizabeth.
1. Marlowe: Doctor Faustus.
5. John Masefield: Sea Fever.
7. Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice.

Polyphemus Dances

By Ben Ray Redman

MASSIVE in grace, his single eye aglow,
The sleek blonde head against his swelling chest,
Lustful, perfumed, pomaded, slow,
Old Polyphemus, to the rhumba beat,
Shuffles and dips on patent-leather feet,
Dreaming of flesh, white flesh:
Whiter than privet leaves in snow:
Of Galataea's flesh within his arms.

Music has charms that stir fires faint or strong:
Power has charms that beauty cannot long
Deny if beauty would survive: no nymph alive,
Thinks Polyphemus, could refuse to thrive
Through love, or buy her fortune with a song.

The tables watch with eyes that know the tale:
The girl is pretty but the story's old.
The waiters whisper and the saxophone
Winks to the drum: for them the story's told.
A gossip columnist checks on her name,
Then says he'll have another of the same.

The sleek blonde head is dreaming, too, but there
The dreams of contract, options and career
Are over-clouded by one tall and fair,
By Acis, poor, and infinitely dear:
Player of bits, who's never had a chance.
And Galataea's thoughts sway with the dance:
If I can keep old Poly on the string
For just six months, and prove what I can do,
Then I'll be set, and so will Acis too;
We'll show the world that we have everything.
Just six short teeny months is all I ask:
Her firm young body rises to its task.

The nymph does not believe in cannibals,
She's never faced the cheated carnivore:
All men are really little boys at heart,
And men are easy if you know your stuff:
Giving so much, you need give nothing more:
They'll always stop when told that that's enough,
But still return to beg and to implore:
And that is where the wise and careful score.
Virtue's rewards are only to the smart.

The future's veil is happily opaque:
Behind it hides the shabby one-room flat
Where rocked in love and Acis' arms she'll lie,
White as a pool of milk, still as a cat,
Content and surfeited: but to awake
From all her dreams in terror when the eye,
That Cyclopaean eye, shall see and break
Her universe to fragments with a glance.

Bodies press closer in the swelling dance:
All that you need in pictures is a chance.

Behind the veil: the gates that will shut tight
Against ambition, and the subtle web
Holding you helpless, and the stony walls
Against which fingers bleed: the sound unheard
Of young love weeping through an endless night:
The quick and tragic breaking of a reed,
And Acis killing love with one short word.
Fool is a word that calls for nothing more.

The nymph does not believe in cannibals:
She's never faced the cheated carnivore:
She's never met the Cyclopaean breed.

Massive in grace, his single eye aglow,
The sleek blonde head against his swelling chest,
Lustful, perfumed, pomaded, slow,
Old Polyphemus, to the rhumba beat,
Shuffles and dips on patent-leather feet,
Dreaming of flesh, white flesh.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

The Day of the Dwarf

A MODERN instance, as it seems to us, of an old fable, was the hysterical Schicklgruber's screaming at Kurt von Schuschnigg of Austria, when that unhappy visitor was lured to Berchtesgaden, "You dwarf, you dwarf! I am the greatest German who ever lived!

In an old tome we learn the following:

> One of the most prominent and peculiar features of the traditionary tales of Germany, is the repeated allusion to the existence in some remote age of two conflicting races, the one of giant, the other of dwarfish dimensions. The giants are always depicted as making irruptions upon, and generally ejecting the dwarfs, who, in their turn, are described as fleeing for refuge to holes in the rocks and forests, where they are proscribed as mischievous freebooters, who availed themselves of every opportunity, and even of magical arts, to vex and plunder their conquerors.

The dwarfs of Europe, as they appear to the cheapjack sadist of the Nazis, are already availing themselves of every opportunity! "They are free agents, acting in bodies, forming states, warred on and warring in return," all, quite properly, done underground. The Day of the Dwarf will constitute a really appalling reckoning!

A Laureate Bard

Do you recall that in 1902, or forty years ago, the Englisn laureate, Alfred Austin, who died in 1913, dedicated a volume of poems to Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. It was called "A Tale of True Love and Other Poems." Austin will always rank as one of the most insipid of Britain's bards. One horrible stanza remains imprinted upon our memory:

> Face to face with Lady Mabel,
> With the gauzy curtains drawn,
> Till a sense I am unable
> To portray, began to dawn!"

Peace to Austin his ashes!

Andersen's Father

The father of the famous Danish poet, novelist, and teller of fairy-stories for children—namely, Hans Christian Andersen—was a shoemaker at Odensee, the chief town of the island of Funen. He is said to have been a man of brooding and melancholy disposition, and not entirely free from the taint of insanity. His son regarded him as highly gifted, with the instincts of a poet. One strange story is told of him, vital to his famous son. The father had the frame of his bridal bed constructed out of the pedestal or supports of a Count's coffin, and upon this bed was born his and his wife's only child, Hans Christian. The story-teller himself has told us:

> Instead of the noble corpse, surrounded by crêpe and chandeliers, there lay here, on the 2nd of April, 1805, a living, weeping child—that was myself . . . I cried on, even in the church when I was being baptized, so that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, "The yuonker screams like a cat!" which words my mother could never forget.

Blackwood's on Tennyson

Would we had the lordly language of the reviewers of the mid-nineteenth century in England! They could really spread themselves! Recently we came upon a review of Tennyson's "Maud and Other Poems" in the old *Blackwood's,* where one had space really to write a review as *was* a review:

> The young cormorant, whom from our study window we see sitting upon a rock in the voe, was an egg on a ledge of the cliff when we first heard whisper that the Laureate was again preparing to sing. The early daisies were then starring the award, and the primroses blooming on the bank; and now the poppies are red amongst the corn, and the corn itself yellowing into harvest. Post after post arrived, and yet they brought not "Maud"—a sore disappointment to us, for we are dwelling in the land of the Niebelungen, where, Providence be praised, there are no railways and cheap literature is deliciously scarce—so we fell back upon Tennyson's earlier poems, solaced ourselves with the glorious rhythm of "Locksley Hall" and the "Morte D'Arthur," lay among the purple heather, and read "Ulysses" and the "Lotus-Eaters", and dreamed luxuriously of the "Sleeping Beauty." . . .

But after "Maud" did arrive, there was another tale to tell:

> "Maud" is a monologue in six-and-twenty parts, each of them intended to depict a peculiar phase of the mind of the speaker, who is a young gentleman in decayed circumstances, and therefore morbid and misanthropical.

Follows a great deal of harsh criticism, some of it quite sound. We like one phrase of the review: "The lovers are surprised in the garden by the Assyrian Bull and Lord Culm and Coke, and the former smites Misanthropos on the face."

It is nothing, of course, to *The Quarterly* on "Endymion!"

Sevastopol

Now that the above famous Crimean city is constantly in the news,

SEND NO MONEY

By LOUIS E. ASHER and EDITH HEAL

The story of Richard W. Sears, founder of Sears Roebuck and Company, and his Aladdin's Lamp from whose magic arose the world's greatest institution for the distribution of goods.

A vivid account of the mail-order business at the time of its country-wide expansion, the methods that produced its quick growth and its millions of profit dollars.

Fully illustrated, cloth bound, stamped in gold. 240 pages, 5¾ x 8¾. Price $2.75.

ARGUS BOOKS, 18 N. Michigan, Chicago

SKYTOP
Enjoy that change, rest and recreation you need, at SKYTOP, social mountain club. All sports. Non-members may consult their travel agent, or address Skytop Club, Skytop, Pa. Illustrated brochure S.R. on request. N. Y. Information Office, Biltmore Hotel (MU. 6-8648).

IN THE SECLUDED POCONOS

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CLUES TO BURN *Lenore Glen Offord* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2)	Violent end of guest nobody knows starts train of murderous events at island house-party. Other guests solve crimes.	Clever mixture of murder-yarn commonplaces into attractive dish of thrills, humor, agreeable dialogue, and adequate detecting.	Gets by
THE SAINT GOES WEST *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Simon (the Saint) Templar, still in U.S.A., defeats criminals and evades punishment in Arizona and California.	Three novelettes well packed with action, wicked villains, lush and lovely females, and Mr. Templar's daring deeds.	Diverting
NO PAST IS DEAD *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown & Co.: $2)	Unpleasant English money-lender murdered in grounds of lovely victim. Sir Clinton Driffield and associates probe case.	Some exciting scenes and detecting is well done but the family stuff is *very* long drawn out.	Bit tedious

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some people ask whether it should be spelt with a *"b"* or a *"v."* The letter *v* is the third in the Russian alphabet, though corresponding in form with our B. But it is quite distinct from *b,* which is the second letter in their alphabet and has a different shape. Before vowels and soft consonants *v* is pronounced as in English. Webster's Gazetteer gives the English pronunciation *"Se.vas'to.pol,"* the Russian, *"Sye'vas'to'pol.y',"* and former pronunciations: *Se.bas'to.pol* or *Seb'-as.to'pol.* Now we hope you are sufficiently confused! The name of the famous peninsula between the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea is pronounced *Crĭ.me'a,* or *Crĭ,me'a,* but never Crimmya, as one radio announcer recently had it. Have you noticed what fantastic pronunciation, by the way, some radio men affect?

Ashford Babies

How great favorites wane and are forgotten. How many now recall the success back about 1920 of a novel called, and misspelled, "The Young Visiters," written as a child by one Daisy Ashford? Rapidly becoming a classic—a play, indeed, was made from it—it sank quickly into oblivion. It was in 1920 that the late George H. Doran, urged on by Irvin S. Cobb, brought out "Daisy Ashford: Her Book," a collection of the remaining novels by the same author, together with "The Jealous Governess" by Angela Ashford, her sister. In the latter we learned all about how babies come:

> In a few minutes the Dr.'s. bold step was heard at the door and then a loud knock and with a "come in" from Mrs. Hose he entered the room.
> "Oh I say Mrs. Hose" he began taking off his hat "I have heard you have been wishing for a baby, so I have brought you one and your wish is granted."
> "Oh hurrah" said Mrs. Hose "Is it a boy or a girl?"
> "Well I don't know" said the Dr. *quite,* "but I'll leave you to find out and settle matters" so saying Dr. Pauline took his departure shutting the door with his foot, while he held his precious top hat in his two hands.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 430)

LEW SARETT:

LET ME GO DOWN TO DUST

Let me go down as any doe
That nods upon its ferny bed
. . . . . .
At last lets down its weary head
Deep in the brookmints in the glen;
And under the starry-candled sky,
With never the shadow of a sigh,
Gives its worn body back to earth
again.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD MEN (and all Beerbohmolaters) will enjoy "Zuleika in Cambridge," by S. C. Roberts, published by Macmillan, price 50 cents. Send dollar bill to Box 306-G, for two copies.

RANCH LIFE WITH COMFORTS. Climate, scenery unsurpassed—fine riding, excellent food—privacy. And right in Eastern Pennsylvania. $20 per week. Box 305-G.

WOULD WELCOME STIMULATING correspondence from interesting cultured women, concerning esoterica, philosophy, books, music, fireside chats. Interesting male. Box 292-G.

AN ECCENTRIC'S DREAM—secretary; college, secretarial and editorial training; nine years' experience. Box 293-G.

THE AMENITIES to which you are accustomed in a setting truly rare, where hospitality is a habit, congenial guests of similar tastes and backgrounds, the atmosphere of an old-time home, deep in the hills, hard-by a brook, give you rest and relaxation pleasurably. One hundred miles to city. The Farm on the Hill, Box 226, Stone Ridge, New York.

LADY DESIRES CORRESPONDENCE with gentleman, high ideals, broad conception of life, humorous, appreciating the beauties in nature, music, art. Box 294-G.

WIDOW, unencumbered, fortyish, no dithers nor jitters, tired of business world, wants place companion-housekeeper. Good cook. Prefers South or New England. Box 295-G.

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER, with interesting old farmhouse in lovely hill country, takes a few boarders. Elevation 1,200 feet. Three bathrooms, four fireplaces, electricity, refrigeration, continuous hot water. Driven well. Garden. Excellent food and beds. Rates $25 and $30 weekly. Easy train access. Box 70, R.F.D., Conway, Mass.

CO-ED TRANSFORMS your favorite photograph into an oil painting. Box 296-G.

SWISS MEADOWS—1,200 feet elevation in the Berkshires. From a 1941 guest's letter: "I wonder if I can convey the intangibles that meant so much for my satisfaction—friendliness, consideration, honesty, insight—to say nothing of beauty, and charm and peace. . . . " Plus swimming, square dancing, games, picnics . . . $30 a week up. Mrs. Cornelia S. Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, small remodeled farmhouse. Beautiful view, 400 acres. 4 Master, 2 maids' bedrooms, 3 baths. Barn, 2-car garage, tennis court. Five miles from village. Box 297-G.

WANTED—2 rooms, board, for week-ends in country near brook, lake, with woodsy walks. Must be with people of good taste, background. References exchanged. No car. Box 298-G.

SEA MEADOWS—perfect "auto-less" vacation. Well appointed home on COUSINS ISLAND, Casco Bay, MAINE. Modern conveniences, excellent table, good company, private beaches, moderate tariff. Betty Gibson, 174 Commonwealth, Boston.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all" but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 48-AD.

ROOM WITH BATH wanted by gentleman in cultured family in Manhattan. Box 300-G.

PERSONALS

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Far away from arsenals, defense and ammunition plants. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

FOR SALE, modern 5-room, one-story home, 2 baths, double garage, 1 acre, shade trees, good water, walking distance of New York Central station, vicinity Bard College, school bus at door, protected view of Catskills across Hudson River. $5,200. C. A. Chapman, Barrytown, Dutchess County, New York. Phone Red Hook 84F2.

THE FRANGIPANNI are blossoming in Coral Gables. Make up that college condition or study the wanted subject in a Florida blue patio with a private tutor. Address: Pease Tutorial, 814 Milan Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

REAL COUNTRY INN. (4½ hours New York train direct). OVERLEA INN (North Bennington, Vermont). PEACEFUL—PERSONAL—PERUSIVE. Surrounded by fields and mountains. Delightful walks—bathing—riding—library service. Meals outdoors under trees. $24.50 weekly for long stays.

WOULD BE ARTIST—neither young nor old—would be assistant to bona fide sculptor, for maintenance and an opportunity to handle clay. Box 289-G.

SAME LADY (cf. supra) with cat and canary is still available as companion. Owns and drives Nash coupe. Box 289-G.

BOOKHANDLING SEMINARS. Expert training Bookshop Technique, Bibliography, Collecting. Details new **Apprentice School** on request. KATHERINE LORD, Nantucket Island, Massachusetts.

ARTIST-WRITER: Share expenses in Florida private home or rent separate studio to one of same tastes who desires stimulating environment, beside water—near town—absolute privacy, beautiful surroundings—finest references exchanged. Box 290-G.

DULL YOUNG MAN (uprooted)—unresponsive to banter, "ideas," and Life,—would gratefully respond to a conventional how-do-you-do from a young lady. Box 291-G.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio.

THREE YOUNG WOMEN seeking fourth room-mate. Own room. Delightful duplex apartment in Village. Until September. Phone GRamercy 7-0885. Evenings.

WIDOW—middle aged—in good health—university trained, travelled, experienced in responsible positions requiring social understanding and judgment, would like a job which has daily writing as part of its requirements. Box 287-G.

MAN, old bank employee, serious, analytical training, solvent, responsible, seeks, as a hobby, rewriting work for which he believes he has a flair. Equipped with typewriter and Thesaurus. Object: purposeful spare-time cogitation. Box 288-G.

SUMMER AT BILLBANK, Belfast, Maine. The most beautiful spot on Penobscot Bay. Quality, Quiet. Spacious grounds. Traditional Hospitality. Write Mrs. William G. Adams for Folders.

WOULD ANYONE who has any letters or reminiscences of Dora Singerson Shorter or Katharine Tynan Hinkson, please communicate with Box 257-G.

YOU CAN walk to the Battery from Hotel Algonquin but that's quite a walk. But it's no walk at all to the Theatres, Radio City and the smart Fifth Avenue shops. They are just around the corner. Room rates as low as $3.00 a day single, $5.00 double. Charming quiet suites from $7.00. Famous restaurant. Hotel Algonquin, West 44th Street, between Sixth and Fifth Avenues.

AT SHATTUCK INN nestled 'neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment. Amiable people. For booklet write G. L. Austermann, JAFFREY, N. H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

HERON ISLAND, MAINE—near Boothbay Harbor. Five-room furnished cottage—Tennis—Lovely walks—$60 monthly, $100 season. Fielitz, 49 Claremont Avenue, New York.

STENOGRAPHER, few years' experience secretary to author, desires work in literary field, any branch. Box 301-G.

WHO IS INTERESTED in intelligence without pedantry, profitable ideas based on 14 years' experience publishing, editing, magazine and books? Expert on Business Correspondence and English usage. Now at 39 I want to give full scope to abilities in a new position. Wisconsin-Oxford B.A. Box 281-G.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the tranquillity of a lovely 250 acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Tennis! Outdoor Swimming Pool! For further details write: A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

WANTED—to buy, souvenir spoons. Sterling, coffee-spoon size only. Lillian Fjelde, Madison, Minnesota.

TRIED HARD to get my stirring patriotic song, LET THIS FREEDOM RING, accepted by music publishers. No luck. So I decided to take a gamble and published it myself. Foolhardy? Perhaps. But it was chosen by Musical Director radio station KFI from 200 compositions to be featured on Flag Day program. I gambled on it but you needn't. I'll stick my neck out and promise to refund the 35 cents you send me if you think you've been gypped. COMPOSER, Box 481, Hollywood, California.

TROPICAL NIGHTS! DUSKY MAIDENS! Shimmering Palms! Siestas and Fiestas! Nuts! No Dotty Lamour! What female wants to read of such? I'll write . . . Box 286-G.

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF VERMONT, an old time inn with modern conveniences and crackerjack cooking, extends New England hospitality. All trains are met. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont. Kingsley A. Perry, owner, proprietor.

MATURE FEMALE MIGRANT between Middle West and East desires diplomatic relations with Southwest to turn exile enforced by recalcitrant sinus into exciting adventure. Negotiations open for job or new interests. Experience—research, secretarial, writing, organization. Some Spanish, easy adjustability, good references. Fondness for country, cats and most people. Box 299-G.

FOR RENT FURNISHED. The early American charm (Plus A.M.1) of this lilac shadowed cottage—Every breeze an ocean breeze—Would be caviar to the general. Others may apply. Box 126. Barnstable, Massachusetts. $325 the season.

LET'S GO FISHING in the Averill Highlands. Ideal for the Fisherman and His Folk. Five home lakes and many streams. Salmon, Rainbow, Brook and Lake Trout Waters. Main lodge, private cottages, pleasing service. Illustrated folder and easy rail connections on request. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN (New York) Sculpture, castings, cereperdue, art restorations, versatile; seeks cultural employment. Box 302-G.

LIKE LETTERS FEMININE, mature, sense of humor? Write Box 307-G.

AMERICAN WANDERER, painter, lone-wolf, writes 10,000 colorful days and haunted nights from Mt. Katahdin to Everglades, anthracite to prairies: verse portraits, wilderness sketches, love songs up all the blind alleys of old America. Limited edition, unusually printed, bound, autographed, $2.00. Nels Hooven, Box 308-G.

ARE YOU PSYCHIC? Interested amateur wishes communications from persons having had apparently genuine psychic experiences. Replies strictly confidential. Box 309-G.

THE RED INN—Provincetown, Massachusetts offers the rest you need. On the waterfront, quiet, comfort, delicious food. Write for circular.

YOUNG SCHOOLMARM invites masculine correspondence. Box 310-G.

BOX 207-G—please get in touch with SRL office.

DORSET, in the Green Mountains. A pleasant house with good beds; food beyond your expectations; close to village; adjoining Golf Club; tennis; trails, riding. $25 and up weekly. Mrs. Sears, Dorset, Vermont.

WRITERS' RETREAT: Cabin, $59 a year. BM Sanctuary, Prather, California.

ATLANTIC, MAINE. Safe beaches: good fishing, 30 foot studio, 4 bedrooms, fireplaces. $200 season. 15 Gay Street, New York, N. Y.

WHO OFFERS room, meals to young woman? Literarily inclined, musical, good cook. Will share domestic duties, care children. Box 311-G.

WHICH SINCERE GIRL loving wisdom and great art will exchange thoughts with young European-born idealist. Box 312-G.

FOR RENT FURNISHED—Ideal for gas-rationed summer. Furnished cottage on Lake George. Well-established community four miles from Ticonderoga. Swimming, canoeing, tennis, badminton, pool, beautiful wood trails all on property. Groceries delivered. Large cottage, $450. Small $200. Silver, linen and blankets plentifully supplied. Write M. C. Beste, Hague, New York.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL FEMALE inordinately fond of Saroyan and Cole Porter, Chaucer and Wagner, requests varied letters. Box 313-G.

GENTLEMAN, invites correspondence with young woman. All letters will be answered. Box 314-G.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful, informal New England farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms, cottages.

OLD AND INTIMATE FRIEND of the late Nellie and Burr Clark Chamberlin, New York, desires locate daughters, Nancy and Mary. Box 315-G.

PROFESSIONAL TYPIST wishes to type manuscripts at home. OLinville 7-8309.

YOUNG ENGINEER interested in travel and foreign countries would like to correspond with an inspiring, cultured young lady. Box 316-G.

WANTED: Imaginative partner (active or silent) who can see tremendous possibilities PIONEERING in one of Europe's oldest, most respected, fascinating and romantic arts. (Goose liver, feathers, fats, etc.) Timely, important to our country. Box 317-G.

SPEND your vacation furlough at THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine, open for a sixth season and offering a thousand miles from cares, island seclusion. Thirty dollars a week.

PERSONALS

FREE-FRENCH NEWSPAPER of New York devoted to French culture, seeks agents to promote circulation and subscriptions. High commission. Very good opportunities. Write Box 303-G.

NEW WHITE BUNGALOW on beautiful Lake Keuka, completely modern. Large living-room, bath, kitchen, three bedrooms, hardwood floors, screens, gorgeous trees. Lot 50 x 300 feet. Yours $2,900. Extra frontage. Box 304-G.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplates, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

BOOKS BY MAIL

ANY BOOK EVER PRINTED. Current books at publisher's prices, rare books quoted promptly. Cash orders prepaid. Catalog free. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MARY DOUGLAS, LITERARY ADVISER. Criticism, revision, ghost writing. Stories, novels, articles, theses, books. Wide experience, 610 West 114th Street, New York.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

ROVING SECRETARY. Extensive publishing experience, indexing, manuscript typing, stenography, editorial advice. Winifred Clark, summer address, Lake Placid Club, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, in or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

BARGAINS

UNUSUAL BOOK BARGAINS. Catalogues free. NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

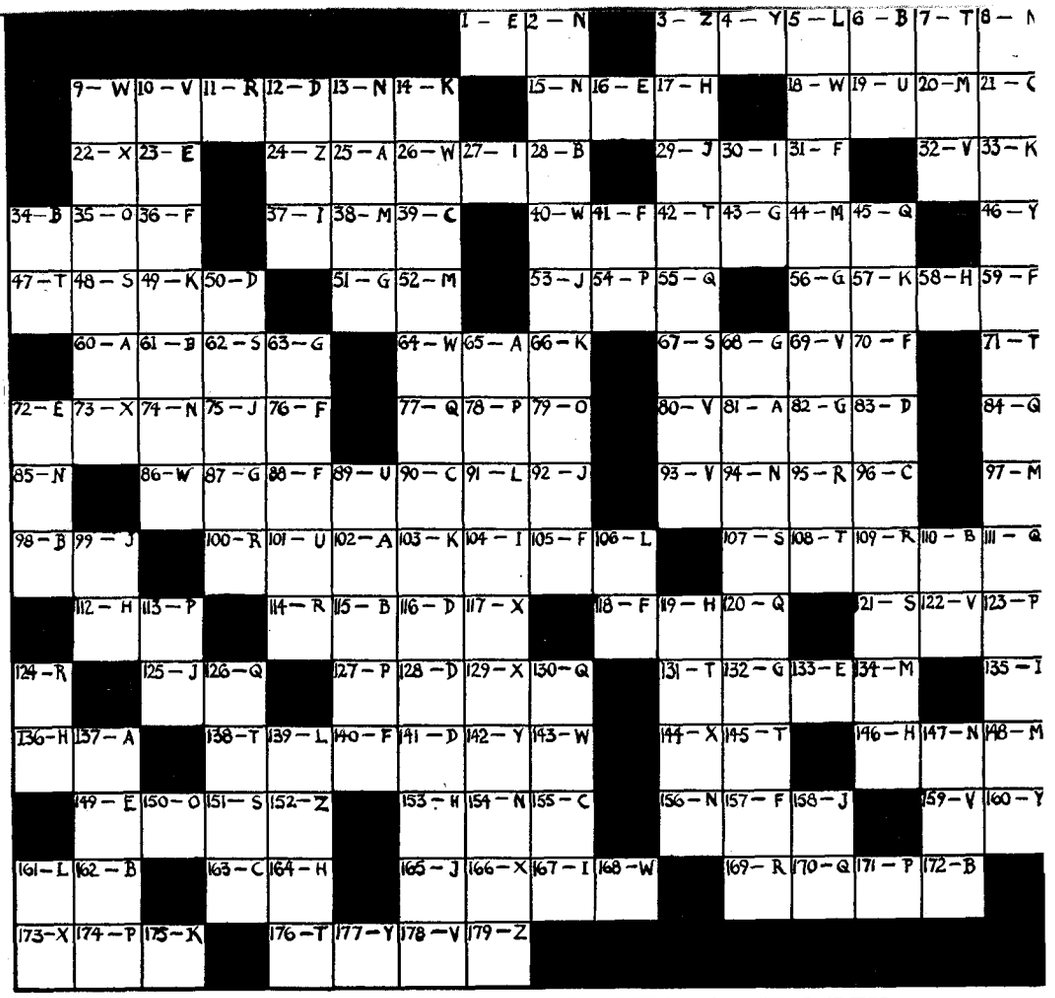
STAGE III: I break up my quotation into its constituent letters and view the set-up. If the stacks are balanced, the prospect of a good puzzle is joyous. If, however, for 25 words the piles contain 20 t's, 12 h's, 6 f's, 4 w's, 30 e's, I must concentrate on getting rid of the excess or be left with a troublesome residue in the end. I rarely use a word of more than 12 letters and always try for some short words that can be flexibly transformed if need be. I keep my eye on suffixes that can be lopped off to use elsewhere, like *able, less, ful, ish,* etc. My Biblical and Hindu knowledge is not impressive, but I know enough to utilize words from these sources to contain the *h's* and I know that certain consonants in the acrostic can be companioned easily with *h*. In the last extremity a combination with *new* uses up my *w's*, with *off* my *f's* with *over* my *v's*. I've a bad habit of leaving words beginning with *e, o,* or *n* to the last, and that accounts for those repetitions and least interesting words. In evolving DC's one certainly comes to learn about the construction of languages!

Today you are to meet Anne E. Allen, gracious octogenarian daughter of a former Mayor of Cambridge when Cambridge was on the map. Now bedridden and unable to move at all without help, she still manages to do the weekly DC. Don't tell it to the publishers, but when I met her several years ago, I found her at work with a Chinese pencil on cellophane paper covering the puzzle. Replying to my quizzical stare, she said, "This enables me to pass it on to a friend." A Huxley DC evoked a memorable letter of reminiscence of the summer of 1894 at Oxford when she thus met him a year before his death. The conclusion of another letter in similar mood suggests her impressive personality:

"I entered Smith in '78 before the first class graduated. We called ourselves Pioneers and took education as an Opportunity and a Responsibility. Great fun to feel so important! Almost as good fun as feeling utterly unimportant and irresponsible, as we may at fourscore, with hands folded, and one's easy chair facing the sunset."

That same year I spent an unforgettable afternoon with another Cantabridgian, over 80 and totally blind but rejoicing in her ability to do, with a married daughter on her weekly visit, the *SRL* DC. Widowed early, she had for years brought up her growing family with the fruits of journalistic and editorial work on the *Christian Herald.* I recall her chagrin at not identifying a T. B. Aldrich acrostic, for they had been old-time neighbors. When later I sent her one of my books as to the "best sport I knew" she had quietly slipped away.

E. S. K.



DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 451 By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To recalesce.

B. Immaculate.

C. Small E. African antelope, size of a hare (comp.)

D. Indians of a coast tribe of Northern California.

E. Fat or grease, especially of pigs or geese.

F. Free city of the former German Empire.

G. Signs and gestures without words (2 wds.)

H. The state of being kosher (Jewish relig.)

I. In some degree (phrase).

J. Hellenistic school of sculpture of vigor and dramatic power (B.C. 241-159).

K. Character in "All's Well That Ends Well."

L. A creek.

M. Designating the later portion of the Tertiary Period (geol.)

N. Egress to the abode of sleep of true dreams (Gr. Myth.; 3 wds.)

O. Goddess of Infatuation (Gr.)

P. One of the three greatest of David's mighty men (II Sam., XXIII).

Q. Dissimilarity.

R. Narrow passages between two mountains.

S. To frisk.

T. Defective, incomplete.

U. Born.

V. Walks awkwardly and unsteadily.

W. Torn in shreds.

X. Political Club of extreme Tories (Eng. Hist., 1710).

Y. Extent of capacity, force, etc.

Z. Gulls; conceals as in a cage.

WORDS

102 137 60 65 81 25

98 172 34 162 61 28 6 115 110

39 163 21 155 90 96

141 12 116 128 50 83

133 72 16 1 149 23

88 59 41 105 157 70 36 118 140 31 76

63 87 56 43 82 132 68 51

58 153 164 119 17 112 146 136

104 30 27 37 167 135

75 158 99 92 29 165 125 53

66 33 103 57 49 14 175

161 91 139 106 5

134 148 97 20 52 38 44

13 94 156 74 2 85 147 15 8 154

150 35 79

113 174 171 123 127 54 78

84 77 170 130 45 55 120 126 111

109 11 169 95 114 124 100

121 48 151 107 62 67

108 42 138 71 47 145 7 176 131

89 101 19

159 10 122 32 93 80 178 69

40 64 9 86 26 143 168 18

144 73 173 166 22 117 129

177 142 4 46 160

3 152 179 24

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

THERE ARE a precious few people in this world who are so consistently dependable and at the same time so modest and self-effacing that the rest of us are all too likely to take them for granted, and save our salvoes for less deserving brethren who make a powerful racket blowing their own horns. Last Monday evening, however, a host of important people in this town paused for a while to pay homage to one of the real first ladies of the world of letters, Miss Amy Loveman, and the occasion sent every one who was there away in a glow of good fellowship and a renewed sense of the dignity of man.

For some twenty years, Amy Loveman has served on the *Saturday Review,* first when it was a weekly supplement to the New York *Post,* and, since 1924, when it became a separate entity. Henry Canby, Bernard DeVoto, George Stevens, and Norman Cousins edited the *Review* in turn, but the *sine qua non, ne plus ultra,* and power behind the throne was always Amy Loveman. Of recent years, she has added the post of first reader for the Book-of-the-Month Club to her chores. That, after the prodigious and often painfully futile amount of reading these jobs entailed, she still retains an abiding and contagious enthusiasm for the printed word is a source of wonder to her associates and inspiration to reviewers who sometimes get mighty sick of it all.

The people who crowded into the Ambassador Hotel to honor Amy Loveman were proud to be there. This was no anniversary or formal occasion. Amy's friends had come to tell her of their affection and esteem because they feel so deeply about her that the tribute was bound to come sooner or later. Their speeches came from the heart. Prepared scripts were thrown into the basket.

Elmer Davis, on the eve of his departure for Washington and the job that we have all been praying he would get, found time to leave his own farewell party at CBS to come and speak his piece for Amy. Chris Morley, Henry Canby, and Bill Benét reminisced to their hearts' content. Chris, delightfully discursive as always, established an all-time record by actually sticking to his subject a quarter of the time. Bill recalled the imaginary epitaph that hung over the Loveman desk for years:

> Here lies Amy Loveman, the best of her sex,
> Who never objected to cashing small checks.

Oswald Villard, Thomas Lamont, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Simeon Strunsky, Harry Scherman, and a half dozen others simply rose to their feet and spoke words of love for Amy and for the richly satisfying profession that she and her guests had chosen for themselves.

And at the end of an unforgettable evening, our editor, Norman Cousins, fulfilled an ambition all of us have had for twenty years by kissing the beaming Amy squarely on the lips, and presented her with a gold medallion, gift of the assemblage, that bore on one side the *SRL* symbol, Phoenix rising from the ashes—and on the other the inscription:

TO
AMY LOVEMAN
A COURAGEOUS CHAMPION OF LITERATURE
FROM HER DEVOTED FRIENDS
JUNE 15, 1942.

CHRIS MORLEY's beard has grown so long that three dowagers tripped over it on the way to their dinner places. Mr. Lamont eyed its gently undulating strands speculatively, and was reminded of the tale of the Scotsman who came to America to make his fortune. After twenty years he returned to Glasgow, but could find no trace of the three brothers who were supposed to be at the station to meet him. Suddenly, however, he noticed something familiar in three heavily whiskered gents who were eagerly scanning the disembarking passengers. "It's muh br-r-rothers! he cried excitedly. "But what is it you're doing with those heavy beards, lads?" "Ah, dinna ye ken," intoned the tallest of them, "tha' whin ye went to America, ye tuk the razor wi' ye!"

Mr. Lamont also recalled that the last time he was in London he checked on the story that Lenin, many years ago, spent a long period of study in the British Museum. Mr. Lamont challenged an aged and fragile attendant of the Museum. "Do you remember seeing a little man named Lenin around here several years ago? He had a small, reddish beard, and he probably spent most of his time in the sociology and political philosophy alcoves." "Lenin? Lenin?" mused the old attendant. "Why, yes, now that you mention it, I do remember a gent by that name, sir. Read a powerful lot of deep books, 'e did, sir. You know, I've often wondered what became of that little man!"

BOOKMEN were saddened by the death of H. C. Moriarty, for many years head of the book department of the Harvard Co-op. A generation of Harvard graduates have cause to remember him with gratitude and affection. . . . Ian Ballantine, of Penguin Books, received an order for one copy of "Guerilla Warfare" last week that he promptly sent out to be framed. It was signed by General Douglas MacArthur. . . . Book reviewers who have to grind out a daily column are under such pressure that they must be excused if there come occasional stretches when they seem to be coasting along. At the moment of writing, Lewis Gannett and Harry Hansen are at the top of their form, pouring in the old fast one with a world of stuff on it. Mr. Hansen's comments on the Elmer Davis appointment were the best that I read in any newspaper. . . .

MORRIS ERNST has resurrected the story of the attorney who journeyed to California to try an important case, promising to wire his partner the moment a decision was announced. At long last the wire came, and it read "Justice has triumphed!" The partner in New York wired back "Appeal at once!" . . . A good column tag for the week is a quatrain submitted by Richard Armour, of Wells College in Aurora:

> I'll celebrate with rye and Scotch,
> With brandy and gin,
> The long awaited day MEIN KAMPF'S
> Remaindered in Berlin.

BENNETT CERF.

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT
BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED